

The Penitent's Confidence.

BY REV. J. W. SAYBON.
To Thee, my Lord, I flee,
My bondage I deplore,
Praying to be set free,
That I may sin no more—
Pity, O Lord, my misery,
And help me to believe on Thee.

Thou know'st how I am weak,
How much by sin oppress'd,
How I'm resolved to seek
Until in mercy blees'd,
Till I'm for Jesus' sake forgiven,
Whose merits yield the hope of heaven.

How precious is Thy name,
Inspiring in my soul,
The confidence to claim,
The grace to make me whole—
The blood that doth for me atone,
By which I now am saved alone.

I feel its power within,
And now rejoice to say,
It cleanseth from all sin,
And I'm resolved to pray:
That others may the blessing prove,
The Christian of Thy perfect love.

Henceforth I will extol
The Saviour's love supreme,
And publish unto all
This unexhausted theme,
Till glory ends what grace begun,
And I've my race with patience run.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

Rev. Mr. Bainsford has gone south for a brief vacation.

The Church of England is to have a new church edifice in Rome.

The total subscriptions to the British Wesleyan Thanking Fund, up to the middle of last month, amounted to \$862,785.

There are 80,000 deaf mutes in the United States, and fifty places of worship where services are conducted in the sign language.

The Marquis of Bute has just completed and is about to publish the first translation into English of the Roman Breviary of the Catholic Church.

Rev. Mr. Gaul, of Philadelphia, went to a menagerie and did not find all the animals that he had seen pictured on the street posters. He denounced the show from his pulpit as a humbug.

Several of the best known of Mr. Sankey's and Mr. Bliss' hymns are being translated at Lucknow, India, into the vernacular of that country, for use in a Christian church of which a native is pastor.

The Waldensian Church in Milan has purchased for \$4,000 the Church of San Giovanni in Conca, a church which is known to have been in existence, A. D. 879, and may not have been new even then.

Rev. Wm. McKay, after reading several notices from his pulpit in the Methodist Church at Geneva, Ind., said there was another matter as to which he desired to inform his congregation. His wife had eloped with Mr. Hatton, a neighbor.

The smallest living in the Church of England is said to be that of Shipton, in the Diocese of Hereford, which is valued at \$15 per annum. The population of the district in 1871 was 178, and the present incumbent, a graduate of Cambridge, has been in charge for ten years.

Dr. Grantham Manton Yorke, Dean of Worcester, fell dead almost at the door of the cathedral ten days ago, just as the choir were singing, "I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest, for it is Thou, Lord, only that makest me dwell in safety."

The colored Baptists of Virginia support four missionaries at home and one in Africa. The four home missionaries preached last year 491 sermons, held 337 prayer meetings, organized 7 churches and 17 Sunday schools, and collected \$255. An appeal is made for money for a chapel and mission building.

Mr. David Morrice, of Montreal, has generously founded a scholarship of one hundred dollars per annum in connection with the Presbyterian College of that city, to be known as the Annie Morrice Scholarship. It is, we believe, to be awarded to the first student in honor and pass work of the second theological year.

The Baptist Review presents a view of the increase of Baptists which is alarming both to themselves and to other people. It says that "if Baptists increase in the same ratio they have increased since 1800, and the population of the world increases at its present ratio, in 2100 A. D. everybody in the world will be Baptists."

A circular has been issued in England asking for funds to build a Presbyterian Church at Canterbury. It says: "Presbyterianism is no new thing in Canterbury. Its old English form had died out, but its French form has never been extinguished; and the Presbyterian service, begun 300 years ago for the Huguenot refugees, is continued to this day in the crypt of the Cathedral."

A sensational Boston preacher has out-Talmaged Talmage by reading from the pulpit a partial list of the gambling and other infamous houses in the city, specifying in each case the street and number. In making up this list he procured the services of private detectives. On the strength of their reports the preacher called upon Police Commissioner Russell to resign his office. It is not recorded that Paul ever found occasion to employ private detectives; but then it is very doubtful whether Paul could have filled the Boston Music Hall or the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

The Bishop of Manchester, England, in a recent sermon said it almost seemed to be a mockery to have harvest thanksgivings this year. Many farmers had lost almost their whole crops, and would not be able to pay their rents. The discipline of the present depression was severe, though timely. The people of England had become luxurious and wildly extravagant, but they were now being taught that if the sun of England's prosperity was not to set they would have to live simply, dress plainly, and be self-denying and provident.

At the Social Science Congress, the Bishop of Manchester incidentally raised a question bearing upon marriages between English subjects and foreigners. Sir Travers Twiss replied that the Bishop would be justified in approving the conduct of any of his clergy who declined to solemnize a marriage between an Englishwoman and a foreigner if the latter could not produce proof that he had complied with the law of his country in such matter. In the course of a discussion as to the evils resulting from the growth, outside the boundaries of municipalities, of suburban districts without due regulation and control, there was a general expression of opinion that it was a popular error on the part of workmen to think that living in the country was so much more beneficial than living in large towns.

The charge of plagiarism against the Rev. Dr. Lorimer has caused a great deal of discussion in Chicago. Six Methodist clergymen, in town to attend conference, went to hear him preach. On their way from the church, one remarked that some of the language of the sermon was familiar. Another said it was from a sermon delivered a year before by the Rev. Dr. Parker in London. A comparison of Dr. Lorimer's own manuscript, as furnished by him to a newspaper for publication, with a printed report of Dr. Parker's discourse, showed that in many long passages the former was a plain copy of the latter. Dr. Lorimer has published a defence, in which he says: "My memory is such that pretty nearly everything I read adheres to it, frequently in the words of the author, and it unconsciously becomes part of my mental furniture, and, consequently, I run the risk, when I am treating of kindred topics, of employing similar and, at times, identical language, without intending in the least to wrong any one. Writers of marked individuality possess me entirely, photograph themselves on my mind, become part of my own being, so that I have at times, and with utter ignorance, found myself clothing my thoughts in their language."

"Rory of the Hills."
Such is the name applied to himself by the writer of threatening letters to the Irish landlords and land agents. Rory is in the habit of sending very cheerful epistles, containing characteristic remarks to the effect that "powder is plenty, and lead is cheap," wherefrom we infer that "Rory's" hatred of everything English extends even to the grammar. Among those who have fallen under the ban of "Rory's" displeasure is one John Sydney Smyth, who follows the more or less perilous occupation of land agent in the County of Mayo. Here is a copy of a letter recently received by Mr. Smyth:

MA. SMYTH:
I am in this country observing the conduct and tyranny of agents and landlords. Perhaps you are not aware that there is a very large sum of money to be paid for the killing of you. Take heed to yourself on the road between Ballycrocy and Newport, for you will be killed.

It seems that the land agent was not in any great degree frightened by the epistle, but the probabilities are that he was not comforted to any great extent either. At all events, he handed it over to the police of the district, and then let things take their course. A few days afterwards Mr. Smyth, notwithstanding the official notification from "Rory of the Hills" that there was a big price on his head, proceeded on a hired car to a small town called Ballycrocy, where he had appointed to meet the tenantry on the Cline estate for rent-collecting purposes. He was accompanied by his son, Sydney E. Smyth, a young man who adopted the precaution of bringing his breech loader with him. At Ballycrocy the agent found the tenants, but there wasn't a penny of rent among the lot. This was a circumstance highly calculated to ruffle the temper of the gentlest of land agents; but, Mr. Smyth says, he bore this disappointment in the best spirit. The tenants told him they had no money for him, for the reason that they couldn't make sale of their cattle, and hadn't yet got in their harvest. Whereupon he said he was perfectly willing to wait until they sold their stock or got in their crops, and the parting was friendly all around. As this very considerate agent was being driven home along the high road, a heavy fire was suddenly opened on the vehicle on which he and his son were seated. Mr. Smyth says the contents of four guns were blazed at him from the side of a mountain range along which the high road runs. His vehicle was an Irish jaunting-car, on one side of which—that facing the mountain—Mr. Smyth was seated, his son was on the other side and the driver occupied the dokey. Mr. Smyth, by something like a miracle, wasn't riddled with bullets; he wasn't struck at all, nor was any of the party. When the smoke cleared off, four armed men, with faces blackened, were observed standing about 60 yards up the side of the mountain, apparently waiting to see how many they had killed. Meantime, young Smyth, rifle in hand, jumped off the car as it was being carried along at a swift pace by the frightened horse, and dashed up the bank on the road side. The four armed men, seeing this, turned and fled up the mountain. It was now young Smyth's turn to do a little shooting. He very deliberately took aim at one of the fugitives, fired, and brought down his man dead, shot in the back, the bullet passing through the heart. Young Smyth fired again, but without effect this time; he re-loaded and again fired, but the three men had got too far away up the mountain. The heather where the dead man lay was red with his life's blood; his gun, a well made, double-barrel fowling-piece, one barrel of which had been discharged, was found some yards behind where he fell dead. He was without coat and hat; and at the place where the firing party had taken up their position, behind a quarry-hole in the side of the hill, a coat and hat were found. The dead man's face had been blackened with some greasy stuff. The Messrs. Smyth drove to the nearest Police Barracks, taking with them the hat, coat and rifle, and brought out a constable, who took charge of the body, which he identified as that of a man named Charles Howard, who had served in the North Mayo Militia, not holding any land, bearing no fixed home or occupation, and having, it is said, a bad character in the locality. Such is the cheerful state of affairs land agents find in Ireland, as we learn from the correspondent of the New York Times. Whether the shooting of Howard will do away with the correspondence of "Rory" remains to be seen, but it is quite evident that the landowners in Ireland have fallen upon a time when it behooves a man who values his life to have all his wits about him.

Sum people marry because they think wimmin will be scarce next year, and live to wonder how the stock holds out. Sum marry to get rid of themselves, and discover that the game was one that two can play at and neither win. Sum marry for love, without a cent in their pocket, nor a friend in the world, nor a drop of pedigree. This looks desperate, but is the strength of the game. Sum marry in haste, and then sit down and think it carefully over. Sum think it carefully over first, and then set down and marry. No man can tell just what Calico had made up her mind to do. Calico don't know herself. Drygoods of all kinds is the child of circumstance.—Josh Billings.

Captain D. H. Davis, the man who called the first propeller through the Welland Canal, died at Pawauke recently, aged sixty-six years.

A KISS IN THE DARK.

(Virginia City (Nev.) Chronicle.)

Yesterday afternoon John Meeker was tried before Justice Knox on charges of disturbing the peace and assault and battery. The case grew out of a disturbance which took place at a social party at Mr. Adams' house, on South F street. It appeared that the defendant, Meeker, had been invited to a little party at Adams' house on Tuesday evening. He attended the party, taking his girl, Adams, in the course of the evening's festivities, began to take liberties with the girl and Meeker raised a row, which ended in an assault on Adams.

Adams, the complaining witness, testified that while the frolic was in progress the defendant charged him with improper conduct towards the young lady he brought there, and finally assaulted him, striking him once in the eye (eye exhibited to the jury.)

Attorney for the defence—Mr. Adams, did you not deport yourself in an unseemly way toward the young lady?

The Witness—Not altogether.

Attorney—Now, didn't you hug her?

Witness—Yes, by mistake. (The jury look at one another in astonishment.)

Attorney—Please explain.

Witness—I was sitting on the sofa alongside my wife, when suddenly a gust of wind put out the light. After the light was extinguished I heard a noise as if people were getting kissed (sensation), so I thought I'd stand in. I grabbed the lady next to me, thinking it was my wife, and when the lamp was relighted I found that it was Miss Clark that I had hold of.

(The laughter in the room was checked by Constable Metcalf.)

Attorney—Did you kiss her?

Witness (after some hesitation)—I don't think I did.

Attorney—Why are you not sure?

Witness—There was so much confusion at the time.

Attorney—Now don't you know you did?

Witness—I won't swear positively whether I did or not.

Attorney—If you had been sure it was your wife, would you have kissed her?

Here the witness looked round uneasily for a few seconds, and not seeing his wife in the Court room, answered, with a grin, "No."

This caused another general laugh and the witness left the stand. He was more than astonished a moment after when his wife was called. She swept out from the back room and took the stand, with her black eyes snapping like a terrier's. At the sight of her Adams presented a pitiable appearance and made himself as small as possible behind Constable Metcalf. No man in the Court room would have changed places with him for \$1,000.

Mrs. Adams had been subpoenaed for the prosecution, but her husband labored under the mistaken belief that she had been exoused. The District Attorney must have known that it was dangerous to put her on the stand, but he probably could not resist the temptation. She was more than anxious to testify.

"We were having a little social party at our house last Tuesday evening. I was sitting beside my husband on the sofa, when he asked me to go across the room and introduce a couple of people that weren't acquainted. I went, and just then the light went out. Soon after Miss Clark, the girl that came with Meeker, slid over toward my husband—that man sneaking down behind the constables. Then I heard 'em kissing. I told Meeker that it was a put up job, and he knocked my husband down. I thought he did just right."

Miss Lucy Clark, who lives on North Stewart street, testified that she was sitting near Mr. Adams when the light went out. Everybody was rushing to kiss the girls and she thought she would get up near Mr. Adams for protection, he being a married man. (Great merriment, in which the Court unwillingly joined.)

District Attorney—Did he kiss you?

Miss Clark (blushing)—He thought I was his wife.

The Court—Did you kiss him back thinking he was your husband?

At this rally of the Court the spectators laughed uproariously, and it required several minutes to restore order.

Miss Clark declined to answer, and the Court decided that she need not criminate herself.

A young lad named Armstrong, a nephew of Adams, swore that his uncle promised him a dollar to blow out the light when he gave the signal. Adams scratched the top of his head as a signal. He gave the signal just after his wife left him.

The jury found a verdict of not guilty. When Adams next has occasion to scratch his head, it is probable that he will find less hair there than when he scratched it the last time.

THE FALLEN BEVIVALEST.

It will be remembered that during the holding of the Central Fair in this city, Rev. Mr. Baylis, an evangelist from Owosso, Grand Rapids, Mich., registered at one of our principal hotels, with a woman whom he called his wife. It turned out that the woman was another man's wife (Mrs. Phoenix), whom he had eloped with, abandoning his own partner in life at Owosso. The "rev." gentleman was arrested here on a charge of stealing a horse and buggy, but released on proving the property was not stolen from his friends at Owosso. It now appears that after leaving here, Baylis wrote to his wife, asking her if she thought he would be mobbed if he returned home. What reply she made to his letter is not known, but a any rate he decided to go back, and Saturday night reached Owosso by rail, and walked out to Maple River, where his abandoned wife sojourns. He had scarcely reached home, however, when he was arrested by Officers Evans and Byerly, of Grand Rapids, upon the charge of adultery. The evidence as to this accusation is said to be complete without coming to Canada for witnesses. His appearance since his arrest and incarceration is that of a man in considerable dejection, but he informed one gentleman who talked with him that he had not been so happy since he went away as he was now in jail. Mrs. Phoenix is said to have gone to Massachusetts to some friends or relatives of hers living there.

DISCOVERED AT LAST!—Prof. B. E. Fanning is found. He has cast aside his "court etiquette" and now fills the position of reporter of a New York paper. The Professor's courtly and polished manners renders him peculiarly fitted for the position.

Jerrold once spoke of a dangerous illness through which he had passed as "a runaway knock at death's door."

BREACH OF PROMISE CASE IN CHINA.

(From the Shanghai Shen Pao.)

In a country village near Nanking lived two men named Chen and Yu. Yu had a daughter who was formally betrothed to Chen's son, and, probably on account of her parents' poverty, was sent to her future father-in-law's house to be brought up there. After a time Yu, who is a weaver, went to live in Nanking, and his daughter came to pay a visit to her mother. The girl, who was now grown up, was very discontented with her lot, complaining of having to work in the fields and of her father-in-law's roughness and coarseness; and her parents began to repent of the engagement and determined to try and break it off. Next door to them was living a scholar named Chin, who was waiting for the next examinations, and occupying himself meanwhile as a schoolmaster. Constantly seeing the girl, he took a fancy to her and formed an intrigue with her. The future father-in-law, Chen, finding the girl was not sent back to his house, and hearing a rumor of Chin's attentions, began to suspect that Yu was trying to break off the match, and sent a match-maker to hurry on the marriage. Yu replied that he had never accepted any betrothal presents, and that no one could make him take them, and that he would not give his consent to the marriage. Chen then went himself with the match maker, but with no further result than a great deal of mutual abuse. Chen next filed a petition in the magistrate's court, and Yu presented a counter-petition written for him by Chin. The case came on for hearing, and the magistrate soon elicited the truth. After rating Yu soundly, he turned to Chen and said, "You can take the girl or not, as you like, but I strongly advise you not to." Chen persisted in having her, and the magistrate ordered the two parties to draw up a formal contract. Chin, who was present in Court, motioned to Yu not to sign the contract. He was detected, however, by the magistrate in so doing and was called up and questioned, and then cautioned that a man in his position should not mix himself up in a case of this sort. The magistrate then looked up the almanac and chose a lucky day in June for the wedding day, whereupon Chin stepped forward on Yu's behalf and begged that the marriage might be held in the autumn. This interference thoroughly exasperated the magistrate, who thumped the table and ordered Chin to be kept in confinement till after the marriage was completed. In a few days' time the match-maker presented herself at Yu's house with the customary presents. When she was well inside the door was closed, and father and daughter fell upon her and beat her horribly. The woman, after this foretaste, not knowing what would happen on the real wedding day, appealed to the magistrate, who again called up the parties. Yu could only allege in excuse that the son-in-law had not come in person to the house. Chen said that the custom was given up in the country, and besides his son had not the money to buy a proper dress for the occasion. The magistrate replied that the bridegroom should certainly go to the house, and, as he was poor, the magistrate would give him the money for the dress. Moreover, when the day came, the magistrate said he would send two policemen with the bridegroom, and, if there was any trouble the girl should be carried to the magistrate's Yamen and married there. When the day came, the policemen escorted the party to the bride's house and then back to the bridegroom's, and waited till the marriage ceremony had actually been performed, when they retired.

ATROCITIES IN PRISON.

MILWAUKEE, Wisconsin.—The newspapers publish an account of horrible atrocities in Milwaukee House of Correction, which is used at the discretion of the Court as State prison. An intelligent convict, just released, whose veracity is vouched for by prominent persons, states that he has been an inmate for two years. All that time he was not allowed to write to his friends or counsel. They supposed him dead. He says the breadstuffs furnished the convicts, for which the county pays \$6 a barrel, is damaged cow feed and cannot be baked. The meat is putrid. During his confinement embryo calves, dogs and glandered horses were furnished as meat. Of the brutalities of the keepers he says men were beaten and put in a black hole, which is a filthy dog kennel five feet four inches by five feet. A man cannot lie at length in it, and there is no ventilation. The floor is covered with ordure and urine. Men are placed there for twenty days, and two men died. There is a chair factory connected with the institution, and it is charged the police are in collusion with the superintendent to kidnap men to work at the chairs. The whole story is most startling and revolting. It is claimed the charges can all be verified.

A Fireman's Heroic Deed

Two freight trains on the Chicago, Pekin & Southwestern Railroad collided last Monday at a station about 90 miles from Chicago. Fortunately no one was injured. Dolly Addington, the little six year old daughter of the conductor of one of the trains, was riding in the cab of the locomotive. James Campbell, the fireman, seeing that a collision could not be avoided, seized the child around the waist, and stepping down upon the foot-board, dropped to the ground. He struck it with great force, and slid along its surface as nicely as if he had been greased for the occasion; but when he recovered from his dizziness and bewilderment he found that all the clothes and a good part of the skin had been stripped from his back. The child, however, which had clung to his breast, came out on top and without a scratch or a bruise. Before Campbell had recovered his feet the trains had gone crashing through each other, and the roadway was strewn with debris. Conductor Addington, who, by reason of being in the rear car, or "caboose," was uninjured, ran forward, expecting to find his child buried in the ruins. Campbell, with a thoughtfulness of a kind with that exhibited at the outset, while yet prostrate upon the ground, too much dazed to lift his head, told the little girl to stand up and swing her hat in order that her father might see that she was unhurt.

Never say, when retiring, I will get up early to-morrow; for doesn't the good book say all liars shall have their part?

"Fullness under the eye denotes language," we are told. So it does, and, we fear, bad language, too, at times. In a recent instance a fullness under the eye denoted that the possessor had called a man a liar.

A STARTLING STORY.

During the past few days rumors have been rife in Blanshard and part of the adjoining Township of Osborne, in Perth County, that a farmer living south of Woodham had murdered a man and concealed the body of the victim in the woods. The story of the crime, according to the St. Mary's Journal, appears to have been first related by a young boy, a son of the alleged murderer, who told his playfellows at school the terrible details of the fiendish crime. The lad's story briefly is this: That a short time since a man with a long beard falling down to his breast came to his father's barn in the evening, that his father shot him and robbed him of a silver watch and what money the victim had on his person. He then asked his wife to assist him in conveying the body to the woods for concealment, and upon her refusal the girl helped him to do so. The body was afterwards, it is said, placed in a log pile and burned. The people who live in the neighborhood of the place where the murder is said to have been committed, state that on the night of the alleged murder they heard a shot fired, and this circumstance to some extent corroborates the lad's story. Another suspicious circumstance is that it is said the boy has not been permitted to go about since he made the startling revelations of the supposed murder. Whether there has been murder done or not of course is at present a matter of conjecture, but the authorities should at once take such steps as will clear up the mystery. There has been a strong feeling among the people in the vicinity of the place where the crime is stated to have been perpetrated, and it has been proposed to institute a search, but as yet nothing has been done. It seems almost incredible that a boy of eight years could draw upon his imagination and concoct such a dreadful story, and tell it with such daring minuteness. At present the names are withheld, but the party who is alleged to have done the foul deed owes it to himself and the community to have the horrible story connected with his name, and on which it places such a frightful stain, at once cleared up. The authorities should at once move in the matter.

DEAD ON HER WEDDING NIGHT.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—The news of a Romance with a tragic ending comes from Shepard settlement, a little hamlet two miles from Marcellus. Flora A. Shepard, a granddaughter of Edward A. Shepard, after whom the settlement was named, died at midnight on Sunday from the effects of a dose of cobalt, taken because her lover, who had heard rumors against her character, asked to have their marriage postponed until she could prove to him that they were unguessed. She was engaged to be married to Henry A. Fulmer, of Elbridge, and the ceremony was to have been performed on Sunday. She had prepared her bridal robes, but when Sunday came Fulmer appeared and said to her that he could not marry her until he had become convinced that the story about her was untrue. She offered to release him from the engagement, but he said that he did not desire to be released. She requested him to go to church with her. He consented, and she went up stairs ostensibly to dress. He waited from one o'clock until three and she did not come down, and he sent her brother up to learn the reason. The brother soon came back and said Flora was in bed and would not speak to him. Fulmer went up stairs and asked Flora what was the matter. She pointed to a piece of paper on the stand, but did not say anything. He picked the paper up and found it to be a will devising her property to a girl friend. He surmised that she had taken poison, and aroused the family, who called a physician. The girl confessed that she had taken a dose of cobalt. She vomited profusely, and the doctor supposed that she had ejected the poison from her stomach. At ten o'clock at night she was again taken sick, and at twelve o'clock died. While attending her the doctor noticed an unopened package of cobalt. After Flora's death this package could not be found. The girl was twenty years old, pretty and vivacious.

The Alcohol Question.

The Daily Telegraph observes—"No Social Science Congress would be complete without a discussion on alcohol and alcoholism; and it is satisfactory to find that the vexed question has been once more vigorously grappled with in a paper prepared by Mr. James Whyte, of Manchester, but read by Dr. Hardwicke, Middlesex corner. Our old familiar friend, the ounce of alcohol per diem, again made its appearance. Mr. Whyte held that an ounce and a half of spirit was the outside quantity which could be taken in the course of twenty-four hours by a healthy man without producing poisonous effects; while the maximum which a woman could imbibe with safety was three-quarters of an ounce; but feebler people must take less, so that the average dose all round might be calculated at one ounce. Now an ounce of alcohol per diem is the maximum quantity which a tolerant doctor can be persuaded to allow a patient who has been in the habit of hard drinking, and whose relatives are afraid that, if he be brought down to the pump all at once, he will collapse. According to Mr. Whyte's calculations the yearly consumption of alcohol per head of the population is three and a quarter gallons—a most alarming item of statistics; yet it is gratifying to learn that, out of twenty-four millions of people in England, ten millions, reckoning abstainers and children, might be classed as non-consumers of the fiery draught. The average consumer, it is less pleasant to be informed, imbibed two ounces and a half a day—being an excess of one ounce and a half over the maximum of toleration; and there were inveterate topers whose daily consumption of brain and stomach destroying spirits rose to seven, eight and ten ounces. But why not to sixteen ounces as well? 'A pint is a pound all the year round,' the proverb tells us, and a confirmed sot would think nothing of swallowing a pint of alcohol in the course of the twenty-four hours."

COMMUNICATION WITH BRAZIL.—During the past session of Parliament a subsidy of \$60,000 was granted for the establishment of a line of steamers between Brazil and Canada, and today it is announced that the former country has granted a similar subsidy. The service will be opened immediately. Sugars and coffee are Brazil's principal exports, while most of Canadian products are in demand in that country. The mail boats will also have to call at the West Indies for coal, and will thereby afford additional postal facilities.

It is estimated that 500 canal boats are stuck at points along the Schuylkill, awaiting rain.